

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON A THEATRE FOR SUBTLE MUSCOVITE DIPLOMACY

But the Diplomatic Corps Drink Japanese Tea and Call to Dinner With a Jap Gong.

By Waldon Fawcett.

(Special Correspondence of The Times-Dispatch.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19.—A certain atmosphere of secrecy and mystery pervades the Russian embassy at Washington. The chance visitor might ascribe this to the tension due to the war in the Orient, but in reality it exists in greater or less degree at all times.

The interior of the embassy—a great red brick building, which Russia expects to purchase at a cost of \$500,000, and which was built by a man whose chief ambition was to own a larger house than his brother—may be as readily surveyed almost at a glance, and it would seem as

though little concealment were possible, even were it desired, but this sense of wide-open hospitality is only another evidence of how deceptive appearances may be, for the czar's headquarters in the new world is a theatre for Muscovite diplomacy of the most subtle brand. The caller who relies upon his eyes rather than his ears may find it difficult to shake off the impression that he is in the home of an Oriental statesman rather than a Russian. In the main hall he is confronted with a great array of armor and weapons, which give the big apartment the appearance of an armory, but it is noticeable that most of the weapons are from the Far East—trophies, as are the porcelain, screens and embroideries, of Ambassador Cassini's long term of service in the most coveted corner of the globe.

Drink Japanese Tea.

A servant in dark blue livery brings in tea, and the secretary, who is playing host, admits that it is Japanese tea. Later a gong sounds, weirdly and deep-toned, and this also is admittedly Japanese. Only when a Russian wolf howls,

long and lean, forms a vanishing streak of yellow as he bounds down the broad flight of stairs, is the visitor recalled to the true nature of his surroundings. Pacing nervously, hands clasped behind his back, up and down the chain of rooms, and halting now and then abstractedly before a flat-topped desk, littered with papers, is Comte Cassini, Master of the Imperial Court, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United States, and the man who, in the eyes of his enemies, at least, is more largely responsible than any other human being for the present crisis beyond the Pacific.

Cassini Is a Silent Man.

The czar's envoy is a man of little more than medium height, with not a pound of superfluous flesh. He is a trifle stoop-shouldered, but that despite his years he is far from inactive, may be appreciated from the fact that he yet retains his active interest in fencing and horseback riding. Notwithstanding the seemingly nervous manner in which he sometimes clasps and unclasps his hands his mild manner is one of repose and not of repression. He prefers to listen rather than to speak, when he does talk, it is in low voice and usually slowly as though weighing his words; and finally, after the fashion of the cleverest of diplomats, he can seldom be induced to put anything into writing.

For all that, he is wary, cautious and conservative. Count Cassini is a past

Cassini, His Personality and What He Has Been Responsible for in the War.

master of polished politeness and gallantry and punctilious as becomes the ideal Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. This side of his character was well disclosed in the studied grace with which he bowed once and yet again to the Japanese minister when the two chanced to meet in the ante room of the Secretary of State soon after the outbreak of war.

He Began Quite Young.

Count Arthur Cassini is a member of a family of Italian origin, but his branch of the family has been in Russia for a century and a half, and his title is Russian and not Italian, as has been reported. His grandfather was Russian minister to Rome, and his father likewise was in the czar's diplomatic service. The present Russian ambassador entered the foreign office at St. Petersburg when he was only seventeen and a half years of age, and after a short period of probation, was sent successively to several diplomatic posts in Europe. In 1890 he was detailed to take charge of the interests of the great White Bear in China, and it was then that he fired the

fuse, which, burning slowly all these years, has finally brought the present explosion. He convinced the Dowager Empress of China and Prince Tuan that Russia was their great friend among the nations; he placed the paw of the Bear upon Manchuria, sent his trusted lieutenant, Mr. Pavlov, to further the great grab game in the guise of Russian minister to Korea; and finally, when his work was done, he was ready to return home. Count Cassini was allowed the altogether unique privilege of traveling from Peking to Khabarovsk, on the way to St. Petersburg, by the route which is reserved exclusively for members of the Imperial family of China.

A Very Efficient Staff.

Count Cassini, by reason of his knowledge of the Eastern situation, is one of the trusted advisers of the Russian government. It is probable, however, that he will round out his career at Washington, which is regarded by the officials at St. Petersburg as one of the most important posts in its diplomatic service. Here he is assisted by two secretaries, a military attaché and a naval attaché, to say nothing of the secret agents with which Russia girdles the globe. It is not too much to say that Count Cassini's subordinate form one of the most efficient diplomatic staffs in Washington. The members are seldom in the public eye, and they never talk for publication, yet sometimes Uncle Sam gets news by way of Europe, which shows that they

have been keeping their eyes and ears open.

Count Cassini's Wife.

Socially the Russian Embassy is as much a center as it is a hub of the activities of statecraft, and it is made so by the most remarkable young woman in America. Count Cassini's wife has been dead for many years and his only daughter, the Countess Alenka, resides in St. Petersburg, where her husband is added camp to the czar; consequently the position of mistress of the embassy is perforce entrusted to the beautiful Countess Marguerite Cassini, daughter of the Count's nephew, but legally adopted some time since by the Ambassador and recognized by the czar as his child.

This vivacious girl, whose age is twenty years, exactly that of her especial chum, Miss Alice Roosevelt, discharges with the tact and skill of the most experienced matron the varied duties of the ranking hostess of the diplomatic corps, and finds time to lend the way world at the American capital in enthusiastic allegiance to each new athletic fad. She speaks and writes seven languages, and such is her knowledge of Chinese that she was enabled to make all the translation in the

Wife and Daughter of the Ambassador One Great Favorite With Miss Alice Roosevelt.

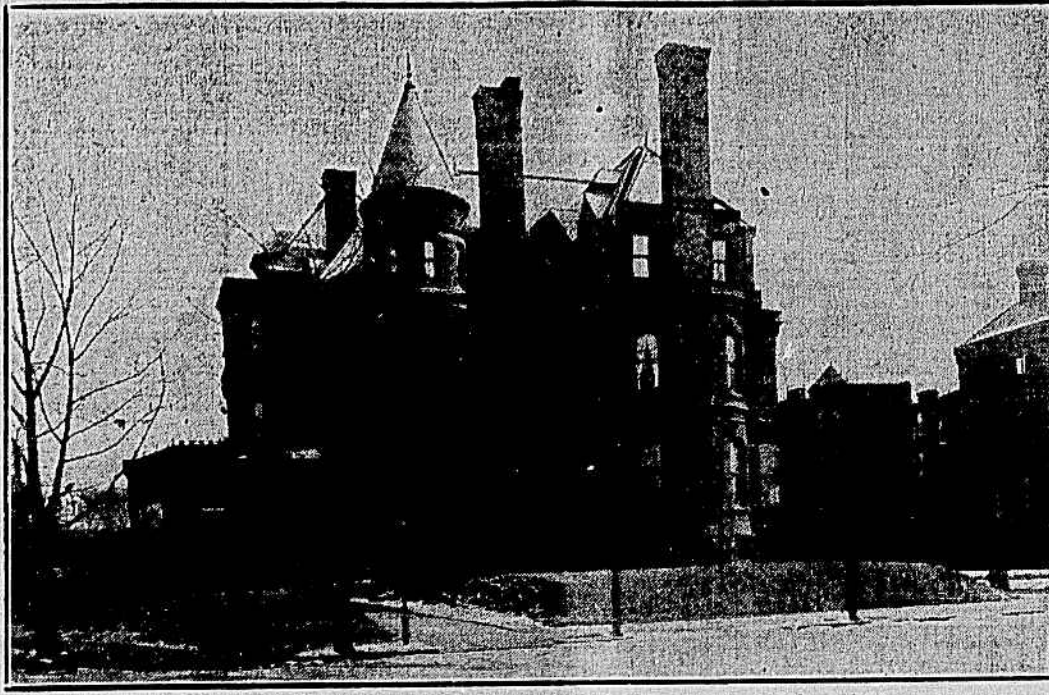
negotiations which brought to a close the Sino-Japanese War.

A Hope for Marriage.

There is reason to believe that Count Cassini would have been glad to have had his pretty ward give her heart and hand to Mr. Roosevelt, who has been so prominently in the public eye of late as Russian Minister to Korea, and who years ago helped Count Cassini so much when he inaugurated Russia's crusade for territory bordering on the Pacific, but the imperious belle would not listen to the appeal which the young diplomatist had crossed two oceans to make, and so the young man, after pleading persistently, but in vain, finally consoling himself, a few months since by wedding the Countess Cassini's dearest chum, the daughter of the leading Russian banker of Japan.



Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador.



Russian Embassy in Washington.



Countess Cassini, Mistress of the Embassy.

THE MORMON CHURCH, RATHER THAN SMOOT, ON TRIAL

Charges That Are Being Investigated Really Against Government of the Church to Which Smoot Belongs.

By EUGENE BOYLAN PALMER.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, March 19.—Apostle Reed Smoot is not the real culprit at bar before the Senate of the United States. It is the Mormon Church.

The investigation now in progress before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Electors to determine whether Smoot shall hold his seat is without a precedent in that not one charge is made affecting the personal fitness of the man elected senator from Utah. He is accused of no crime. His honesty, uprightness and ability are not questioned. No bribery is alleged in bringing about his election. No technical point is raised as to the procedure of the Legislature which chose him. The charges are against the governing authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and Reed Smoot must bear the brunt because he is one of them and is asking for recognition as a senator of the United States. As a director in the corporation, he must assume his share of the responsibility for its acts. If the corporation is convicted, he must be the sacrificial lamb.

The people of Utah are more deeply interested in the result of the Smoot inquiry than they were in the case of Brigham H. Roberts, elected representative in Congress from Utah and rejected by the House. The issues involved more vitally affect the future development of the State. Roberts was accused of violating the law. His fate served notice that a polygamist must not be sent to either house of Congress. The present fight is broader. The following charges are made against the Mormon Church:

First—Winking at polygamy and even encouraging it clandestinely.

Second—Interfering in politics.

Third—Interfering in business.

Of these three issues, the greater mass of non-Mormon and progressive Mormons in Utah regard the second as the most important. On it depends to a large extent the remedy for the first.

Vividly mindful of past legislation affecting the practice of their peculiar religion and apprehensive of the future, the Mormon chiefs determined to secure a foothold in the halls of the national Legislature. The policy of the church since Joseph Smith, its founder, became a candidate for the presidency of the United States, has been to exert a persistent and insistent pressure having for its object the attaining of political power. It is all part of the announced plan of the Mormon people to "build a temporal kingdom."

Reluctance on the part of non-Mormons to receive the political dictation of the Saints caused the object of the church to be kept in the background. Nevertheless the Mormon rulers have continued the struggle, despite their pledge to stop it when Utah was admitted to the Union. In the domain of national politics the Roberts experiment failed. Roberts was cast out by Congress for personal unfitness; nothing of the sort could be proved against Smoot, the church leaders reasoned, and if he could be elected he could retain his seat. To win the election was not difficult. The faithful were given the message from the authorities to vote for legislative nominees favorable to Smoot's candidacy. Word issued forth that "the time has come for the voice of an apostle of God to be heard in the halls of Congress."

UNFULFILLED PROPHECY. Twenty-two years ago, Apostle George A. Cannon, elected Delegate to Congress

from Utah, was refused permission to take his seat on the ground that he was a polygamist. At that time he made a prophecy, declaring he spoke by divine inspiration, that he would return to Congress and be seated. Cannon died without this having come to pass, but the Mormons believe that the seating of another apostle of the church will amount to a fulfillment of the prophecy, sustaining their doctrine of modern revelations from God. There were many other reasons why the church leaders wished to send an apostle. One of them was that he could be relied on better to carry out their desires. Being himself one of the church leaders, he could keep in better touch with their needs and wishes. As an apostle, he would be bound by his obli-

gation to accept in temporal affairs the decision of the quorum. He would be more amenable to discipline. Moreover, the election and seating of an apostle would serve notice on the younger Mormons of the great desirability of seeking ecclesiastical advancement as a stepping stone to political honors and would therefore arouse great interest in church work. Unmindful of warnings from within and without the church, over the protests of many devout Mormons who objected to the principles involved in this step, the leaders persisted in their course and brought about the election of Reed Smoot. Now, the progressive element of the citizens of Utah have asked the Senate and people of the United States to help them settle this question:

"Shall the Mormon Church be permitted to send one of its apostles to Congress and to remain a powerful political organization?"

The church has made the issue. It has selected Reed Smoot as its champion. Therefore, the eyes of the nation are on him.

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"Well, Reed, now that you have been

made an apostle, I suppose that race of

ours won't be run."

"That's just where you're wrong, 'Uncle

Jesse,'" was the unexpected reply. "That

race still goes."

And it did go. And Apostle Smoot, as

driver, sent his horse to victory.

This loves of horses comes naturally.

Reed Smoot's father, Abraham Owen

Smoot, was born in Owen county, Ky., in

1815. His parents were Virginians, his pa-

became manager of the Provo Woolen Mills Company, a position he still holds. His rise in business continued to be rapid. His father was supposed to be a man of considerable wealth. When the elder Smoot died a few years ago it was found by the estate was so heavily involved that after paying the debts there would be little left to distribute to the numerous family. Reed persuaded the other heirs to organize the Smoot Investment Com-

pany, to take over all the property of the

estate. He managed this company so

ably that in a comparatively short time

it was free of debt and paying handsome

dividends. Reed Smoot's business inter-

ests are widespread. He owns sheep and

cattle and horses in numbers, and is in-

terested in a number of mining companies,

notably the Grand Central, of which he

is vice-president, and which has paid sev-

eral hundred thousand dollars in divi-

dends. Among his official positions are

the following: President Provo Comm-

Mormon of Salt Lake. They were married September 17, 1884, and have six children, ranging from Harold Reed, aged 15 years, to Ernest, the baby, a little over a year old—three boys and three girls. Mrs. Smoot is a quiet, pleasant woman of retiring, domestic tastes. She is devoted to her husband and children, and it is safe to say that there are few happier homes in the United States than the comfortable brick residence in Provo that is the domicile of the Smoot family. Two blocks distant from the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank, which was his principal business headquarters before he became a senator; busy man though he was, he was wont to hasten thither each evening to be with his wife and children.

"I won't talk business after 6 o'clock

except in emergencies," he has frequently

said. "My evenings belong to my fam-

ily."

But after he became an apostle his

The Defendant in the Inquiry Descended from Virginia Parents Who Went to Kentucky.

WAS A BIG BLUFF.

Bill Broke Loose and Was Going to do Things.

We were waiting at the junction for the express, when we saw a man come running along the country highway with his hat in his hand. As he drew nearer he waved his hat and shouted, but no one could make out what was the matter until he reached the depot. He was a man of 50, and very much excited. He had to wait two or three minutes before he could say:

"Gentlemen, my son Bill has broke

loose and will be here in 10 minutes."

"What's the matter with your son

Bill?" asked one of the passengers.

"Why, Bill is the wildest fighter in

all this State. He's fit and flocked every-

thing for 200 miles around, and for the

last week I've had him tied up in the

barn, 'cause he was aching to fight and

nobody would fight him. He was put-

ting the ropes as I left, and he'll chew

this crowd up as a cow eats cabbage.

By gosh, but that he comes now!"

On the crest of the hill half a mile

away we saw a man who was headed

our way and the passengers asked of

the excited father:

"What do you think we had better do

in the case?"

"Git inside and lock the door!"

shouted the old man, "and mebbe I'll

coax Bill not to do you any damage. If

I had a chunk of raw beef I think I

could git him to follow me back home

again. See him come!" He's a'chillin' for

death and destruction!"

"He isn't foolish or crazy, is he?"

asked a man who appeared to have a

good deal of muscle about him.

"Not a bit, sir. He's just a rip-roarer

of a fighter, and if he lights down on

this crowd a'chillin' awful will happen.

What you going to do?"

"I'm going to meet your son Bill and

take the rip-roaring out of him. Some

one hold my hat, coat and vest."

"But he'll make eat's meat of you in

two hours and a holler," protested the

father. "Gentlemen, for heaven's sake

git inside while I see if I can coax Bill

to spare your lives."

Every passenger held his place, how-

ever, and the man with muscle jumped

down off the platform and went down

the road a few yards to meet the com-

ing whirlwind. One minute after they

came together Bill was flying for his

life and calling "Police!" at the top of

his voice, and the stranger was close at

his heels.

"Is that the way your son Bill gen-

erally riproars around?" was asked of

the shaking and trembling father.

"Say," he answered, as he went over

and sat down on a salt barrel, "Bill

must have been bluffin' me for the last

five years, and—durn his hide, if I don't

make him whoop for mercy and eat

grass in humility when I git home

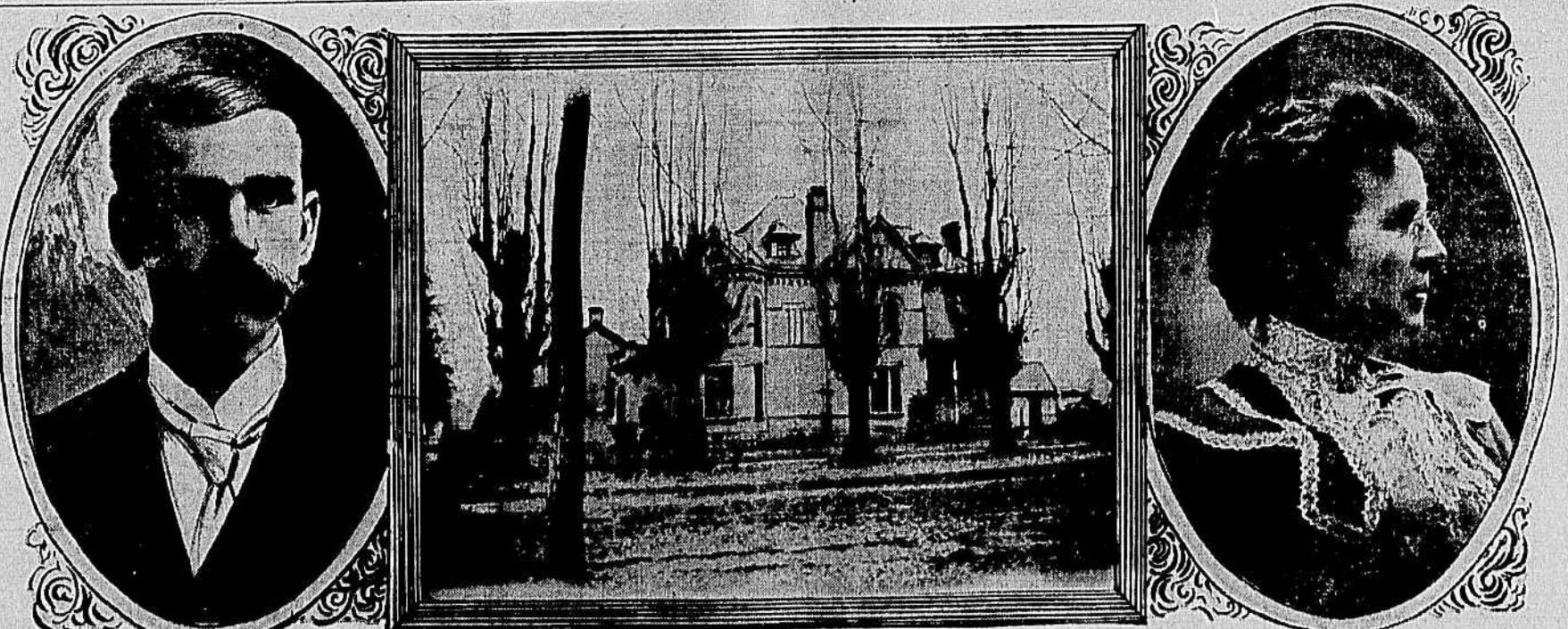
again!"—Baltimore Herald.

A Pertinent Comparison.

"How the winter does fly!"

"Don't they? Time goes as fast as a

load of coal."—Detroit Free Press.



Senator Reed Smoot, Mrs. Smoot and Their Home at Provo, Utah.

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